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Choice Boetry.

RESIGNED.

The following excellent present-day lines, so appropri larget. They are headed with the engraving of a warsees who, with his crippled, shattered arm, hune pering through his window at the crowded throng of Unto write it out."

ver again on the shoulder To see our knightly bors; Never again on the shoulder To see our lordly leaves;

Never again to follow The flar of the Stripes and Stars: Never again to dream the dream That martial music weaves. Never again call "Comrade,"

Never to hear the bugles, Thrilling, and sweet, and solemn; Never again call "Brother," To the men we think of with tenes: Never again to ride or march In the dust of the murching column

in the chilly hour of the strife. When, at dawn, the skirmish-rifes In opening chorus rattle; Hever to feel our manhood Kindle up into raddy life, is the hot hours of the battle.

Cambril, forlors and aseless. The glary of life grown dim: Breeding alone o'er the memory Of the bright, glad days gone by; Naming a bitter fancy, And nursing a shattered limb: Oh, counsides, resigning is harder-We know it is easy to die!

Never again on the jacket To see our knightly bers; To see our lordly leaves; Never again to follow The flag of the Stripes and Stare; Never again to dream the dream That young ambition weaves.

GOD SAVE THE FLAG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming. Statched from the alters of insulent fore, Buning with star-fires, but never consuming. Flash its broad ribands of life and rose.

sink the prophets of Baal would rend it; Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall; Desiands have died for it, millions defend it,

Mercy that comes with her white-handed train Senting all passions, redeeming all errors, Sheathing the anbre and lateaking the chain

orne on the delage of old usurpations, his was the rainbow of hope to the nations.

Till the dim star wreath rekindle its splen fore Washed from its stains in the blood of the beave

Select Tale.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

"When did you hear from Thomas ?" working on a coarse garment.

"It's more than two months since I've had a word from him," replied the wotone. Then rising, she added, "Won't yon come in, Miss Annie ?"

The young lady accepted the invita-

"Two months is a long time not to have heard from your son, Mrs. Rogers. Where is he ?"

The last news I had, came from Wilamsburg, just after the battle. He sent house is of no use." me three or four lines, to say that he

dead, or a prisoner, for all I know. Oh,

"When did you write to him last 2" quired the young lady.

Mrs. Rogers moved unessily, and a now?" hame-blush covered her face, as she re-

these five years. They're all cramped times so ill-natured as to make trouble to he.

rades getting letters by every mail, while guard-house. He held them for a mother comes not a word or token for ment, and then laid them saide, with his away camp a soldier who would be made

any longer have the feeling, among his grace, there was a manly self-poise about comrades, that he alone has no one to him that did not escape the officer's nocare for him, or send him sweet remem- tice.

nie," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Try. Have you pen and ink ?"
"No, Miss. As I told you, just now, five years; and I don't believe I could his face. a tending suprament regard, battle-stained features, is compose a letter, even if I had the skill "I shall have to order severe punish-

"You must try, Mrs. Rogers. It will I have a spare inkstand, and will step mind and nerve for more endurance. around for it." And the young lady arose, saying, as she went out:

Thomas must have a letter." On Annie's return with writing materials, Mrs. Rogers, still reluctant to un- pected a question. dertake the unaccustomed task of penning a letter, sat down, half per force, and made sundry awkward attempts to form his hand, held them towards the soldier, Caffing only for lamb when it's served with mint sauce. words and schiences, by way of practice, who started, with a strange look of surbefore e-saying the epistle, which her ar- prise and bewilderment, and received them dent young visitor bad made up her mind with a hand that trembled visibly. should be produced and mailed to the ab-

sent soldier that day. write," said Annie, encouragingly, as she citement, and after looking curiously at watched the efforts of Mrs. Rozers. "Now the delicately written superscription, optake a sheet of paper, and just thirth you are talking to him. Write down whatever you would like to say, and say just him, and he read in his countenance the as much about home and what is going rapid play of various emotions. Then he on here that you think would interest him, opened the second letter, which was read as you can call to mind. Take your time twice. As he finished it, he drew his to do it, and don't feel burried. I'll hand hastily across his eyes. come round, in the course of an hour, and see what you have dode. Then we'll both go over it, and I'll make all the cor- usual sign of respect, as he answered in rections needed, so you can copy it out the affirmative. The officer noticed that fairly. My word for it, there'll be a nice bis face was graver and paler, and that letter for Thomas, that will do his heart the look of dogged defiance had faded

corrections, and then waited until Mrs. anger, in the officer's voice. Rogers had copied the letter, which she folded and directed for her.

"Shall I mail it for you ?"

"If you please," said Mrs. Rogers. if I And the young lady went away, taking me." mother, although he had been absent for duty.

be my warrant."

a small house standing on the out- lecturing tone; but in a kind, suggestive would have been lost.

men, in a half troubled, half complaining Mills, Virginia, three days previous to ing." It ran thus: the assault of the right wing of our army "A good angel must have put it into before Richmond.

tion, and as she took the proffered chair, speaking to the orderly who had just sub- the guard-house, for neglect of duty and mitted his report. There was regret as disobedience of orders. I was reckles well as discouragement in his voice, and desperate. All my comrades were "What are we to do with the man ?"

dear! dear! it's worrying the life out of a lion. I cannot forget that to his prompt stirred my heart with new feelings, and

"He was away at roll call; and his re-

The officer sat in thought some time. Rogers, blotted and scrawled though it came in with letters, a mail having been made Second Lieutenant. Thanks, may be, would have come to Thomas, in received. In running his eye over them, the far away camp, as a most welcome the officer noticed two directed to Thom-have saved one who came near being the from home. Think of his com- as Rogers, the soldier reported as in the last !"

signs; a loving sentence, even if he had getting through with them, word was substanced in the had getting through with them, word was exhortations to courage and duty, can been obliged to spell it out slowly from passed to have Rogers brought before not fail to do them good.

He came, under guard, but the him. He came, under guard, but the guard was dismissed, and the man was a living pleasure. Write to sell to do them good.

At the great donkey show in London At the great donkey show in London is a living pleasure. Write to your son, alone with the officer, who regarded him will do Thomas half as much good was a letter from his mother. A single of age; of alender form, test compactly line will we precious. Don't let him built and muscular. Even under distance was a letter from his mother. A single of age; of alender form, test compactly the greatest donkey, but he stole them.

"Under arrest sgain! What have "I don't believe I can write, Miss An-you to say for yourself?" The officer tried to be stern, and to speak with se-

The soldier did not answer; but a look, haven't bad a pen in my fingers these half dogged, half defiant, was visible in

ment." There was no reply, only a slight never do in the world for Thomas to go change in attitude and expression of any longer without a letter from home. countenance, that indicated a bracing of

"When did you hear from home?" asked the officer, who did not remember "I'll be back again, in a little while, to have seen a letter addressed to Rogers, with pen, ink and paper. Between us, until the receipt of that day's mail.

"Not for a long time," was answered, and with apparent surprise at so unex-

"Here are two letters to your address." And the officer, who had the letters in

"Sit down and read them," said the officer, pointing to a camp stool. The "Very well done! Of course you can man sat down, showing considerable ex-

"From home ?" queried the officer. The young soldier stood up, giving the

In an hour Annie came back, as she "And now, Rogers, what have you to had promised. Mrs. Rogers had filled say for yourself? Will you drive us to the following letter that the name of his two pages of paper with rather bad spell- a severe punishment? You know, as ed sentences; but the matter was all right, well as I do, that discipline must be enas far as it went. Annie made all needed forced." There was remonstrance, not

wrong, and am sorry. Forgive me; and the Crischens, seed a dazzlin lite wich in layers, the interstices being filled with if I break a rule of the service again, shoot struck him blind. The old Dimocrisy small

over a year, she had felt pity and con-cern for the young man, whom she re-whelming assault upon our right wing, membered as a little wild in his habits, and on the next day the terrible conflict martyrdum was our orange-we suckt it before he went into the army. This had at Gaines' Mills. Among the coolest made her more urgent that the mother and bravest in all the fierce battles that should do her duty. The letter was as followed, and among the most enduring away the wuhtless pele. well as could have been expected, under in the long night of retreat, was young the circumstances. Still, as Annie's Rogers. He was with that body of inthoughts went off to the distant camp, fantry which lay at the bottom of Maland dwelt on the young man's peculiar vern Hill, under our death-dealing batcase, it did not seem to her all that he teries, the fire of which staggered, and then drove back the rebel masses, whose des-"I will write to him !" she said, as the perate courage in that maddest of all ascase, continuing to dwell in her mind, saults was worthy of a better cause .presented itself in stronger and stronger Twice during this series of battles, as light. "He was once, for a time, my once at Williamsburg, had Rogers, riskscholar in Sunday school, and that will ing his own life, saved that of his Captain: and in several of the conflicts he had So she wrote him a brief but pointed shown such coolness and courage, that "When did you hear from Thomas?" and earnest letter, touching his duties as positions were saved, which but for the A young lady had stopped at the door a soldier and as a man. Not in a superior, infusion of his spirit into his comrades,

stirts of a village in Pennsylvania, and way, and in language calculated to touch One day, about three weeks after the sked this question of a woman who sat his feelings, and arouse his better na- letters were written to Thomas Rogers, the young lady whom we have called Annie, received a reply from the soldier, An officer sat in his tent, near Gaines' dated, "In Camp, near Harrison's Land-

efore Richmond.

"In the guard-house again!" he said, came just in time to save me. I was in What are we to do with the man?" getting word from home—letters came to "You will have to order severe punish- them by every mail—but no one wrote ment. Simple confinement in the guard- to me, or seemed to care for me. So I house is of no use."

When the or four lines, to say that he sent that you've heard nothing since?"

"And you've heard nothing since?"

"Nothing, Miss Annie. He may be good soldier," remarked the officer. He is one good soldier, and prisoner, for all I know. Oh, the same that the connection is the sent to me, or seemed to care for me. So I lost respect for myself, grew cour, unhappy, and indifferent to daty. But your kind words—your talk about the past time when you were my teacher—your strong appeal to my better nature—your strong appeal to my better nature—your calm, true, sweet sentences, dear lady! courage I owe my life. No, no, not see filled my eyes with tears. I was before were punishment. We must bear with him a little longer. What is his offence for me to read it; saw that I was touched for me to read it; saw that I was touched -and like a true man that he is, forport of himself is unsatisfactory. The gave my offence. Then and there I reman is restless and brooding, and some rolved to die sooser than swerve a hair's breadth from duty. I have been in fearful battles eince, but God has kept me from barm. To-day, for bravery and

away camp a soldier who would be made "A letter should have gone with them."

In him, if we can only discover the way out from your bomes. They are in the to wanst, all will be well.

The or lerly retired, and the officer believe reached him, were but dumb came occupied with his letters. After your tenderly manifested interest, your tenderly manifested interest.

Miscellaneous.

SONG OF THE PEACE REPUBLICAN.

Of the deepest, darkest, most permanent dye;
But an own that we're subtyped kind of peace is all book.
The peace that I wast, is a peace that will wash.
But some folks shout "Peace," "Step the war" "Cry
percevia"
"Geing back" on our placeus apply and novy,
Who've guarded our beauer from insults and stains,
With the sweat of their brows and the blood of their veins.

Now, the peace these fells eigh for, And caree for, and cry for, And scheme for, and lie for, And everything also but fight for and die for, is the peace of a mouse with a cat;

And that's what's the matter with that, No sound that can ring from thy laryax, O, man! Or ripple from lips of an infant or woman, Is so sweet as that sweetest word, peace, to my ears, When it isn't accompanied by Copperhead theers. Means dove, the dear emblem of peace, "in a pie!" Pharisees sing of "the lamb" till they're hourse,

Now, the things these folks sigh for, And curse fut, and cry for, Are plamp little doves they get ready their pie for, With a lamb that is tender and fat:

There's the calmages of virtue, the silence of sin; Disease driven out, and disease driven in.

Now, the peace these folks sigh for, And curse for, and ery for, And pray for, and lie for, Is a peace that we'd die of, not live for, nor die for It's going to bed with a vampire bat,

And that, brother Ben., is what's the matter with that Mr. Nasby "Changes His Base,"

Mr. Nasby has become pretty well known as the Pastor of the "Church of St. Vallandiggum," but it seems from society is somewhat uncertain just now:

CHURCH UV ST -October the 28, '63. "Only this," answered the soldier. Geroosalem 2 Demaskus, to persekoot they should be taken and packed closely Spoken like a man and a soldier! I Glory, to persekoot the nigger, seed a lite peel, and if froot provide sour and bitter institution of institut wiggeronsly, but alse I quinine is sweet-niss compared to it. To wit: I fling

Myself and flock is now all war Dimocrate. We hev allus bin. We never agreed with the extreemists uv our party. and remandd in the organyzation only becoz ez members thereof, we cood restrane it from doin mischif. We were zefus in the support of Vallaudiggum, and workt hard to elect him, only that,

Therfore, all our apparent opposition to the war wuz reely its most effishent support. I hope the peeple will see it. At a toznis meeting uv our church yis-terday skernoon, the follerin resolooshens wuz past: Wargas, Dimocrisy flurishes best wen

it is successful; and WAREAS, it is a tender flower that place where the water will not be within much; and

acts, and never did.

Resolved, That onest old A. Linkin,

nominatin uv him, was guilty of a heen-

wus afor the elecaben. Resolved. That the war for the Union must go on, until its enemies is subjec-

bin,"

"Oh! but, Miss Annie, I've sent him late me see you in half an hour," he bande; and he's not so much as let me thing to reform this man. There is good know that he received the second ment, and them seed to the past unanimously, give aparingly of colled beet-stake, lean, own letters.

"Let me see you in half an hour," he hand? Think! If there is, write to hand? Think! If there is, write to him. Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, tarm wich menes and uthers, have the later from your strikes me ex kiverin the hull ground.—

"Let me see you in half an hour," he hand? Think! If there is, write to him. Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, tarm which menes and uthers, have the thing to reform this man. There is good write often to the soldiers who have gone sagassity av bild turnips, and adopt em ed, no mark of small pox will remain.

A wife in Minnesota enlisted with her husbend in 1861, fought with him in eighteen battles, was wounded thrice, and has now left the service, as her husband has been filled.

How to Make an Ice House. The St Louis Dispatch, under the above head, gives a simple plan whereby fami-lies may be enabled to lay in a sufficient supply of ice for use during the heated term. Our citizens well know the diffi-

culty experienced last summer, in obtaining enough ice to supply their absolute wants. Indeed it was not to be had at any price during the latter part of the summer. By following the instructions given below, no family need be without this very necessary article when the dog star assumes his reign, and at a cost less, if anything, than they are accustomed to pay for the small quantities furnished by

ce dealers : Every family that possesses a good dry cellar under its dwelling, has the material condition for a good ice-house. If the cellar is easily accessible from the street, or an alley, by a window or door, through which the ice can be thrown or slipped into it, so much the better. If one corner of the cellar be partitioned off by double rows of common boards, six inches spart, and the between them packed with sawdust, a ceiling of tongue and grooved plank laid over-head, and a small double door fitting closely, be made in the side of the partition, you have a com-plete ice-house that will hold an abundant supply of ice, and preserve it through the summer. If saw dust cannot be had for stuffing, the double partitions should be made, as nearly as possible, air tight, by having them tongued and groved. . The confined air which fills the space between them, being a non-conductor of heat, will protect the ice from the warm air of summer, almost as effectually as a packing of saw dust. The bottom should be covered with a thick layer of straw. A few wagon loads of ice will suffice to fill the compartment. The cakes of ice should not be thrown violently into the cellar, as this will shatter them to pieces, and decrease the chances of their being preserved. By an inclined plane of boards from the wagon to the cellar window, the cakes dry, and the moisture well excluded, the

and a luxury:

An Ont-Door Cellar. It is very unwise to store a large quantity of vegetables in the cellar of a farmbe some decay, and nothing can be more detrimental to health than living over a mass of decaying vegetable matter. But heard of it? He swore he'd destroy few cellars are large enough to hold the being his supporters, and heving electid products of the farm that require winter make 'un (Macon.) storage. As we devote more attention to bage, and the like, require cellar room. A heard? Ossa-baw. (Lunstic secured.) sandy hillside is the best place for making a cellar, as in this situation good drainage is secured as well as easy access. A good cellar, however, can be made in any pains must be taken to secure good drain-Warras. The peeple hev shode by ther pekoolyer style uv votin that they don't like Vallandiggum ner his print to be hed than are hest for the walls: if in her shoulder wickles very good. want socks—no money—rheumatism to be had, they are best for the walls; if not, posts and planks will answer. A strong ridge pole is necessary, which Resolved, That Vallandiggum never wuz a representative nv the Dimocratic to be had, they are best for the walls; if not, posts and planks will answer. A strong ridge pole is necessary, which must be supported by posts. Bank up the sides with earth, and plank the roof, and cover with straw and leaves, over

CURE FOR THE SMALL POX .- The following prescription is vouched for by the waves o'er every Stait, and the Dimocrat- Eastport (Ma.) Sentinel, as a cure for is committie av the varius Staits be re- the small pox : Give to the patient two questid to proceer a suffishent number of table-speculate of a mixture of hop yeast banners and appoint committie to wave and water sweetened with molasses so as to be palatable, equal parts of each, three Resolved, That we air in favor uv sob-joogashen, emansipashen, nigger enlist-years of age should take two tea-spoonments, and of ther is anything clee the full three times a day. Diet-boiled rice peeple desire, let them write to us (post and milk, and toasted bread moistened pade) and weel pass the necessary reso with water, and without butter. Eat no mest. Give catnip tes as often as the These preamble and resolooshen, wich patient is thirsty. When convalescent (at my request) was past unanimously, give sparingly of boiled beef-stake, lean,

Cure for a Felox.—As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lebelts, and wrap the part affected with cloth, saturate it thoursughly with the tincture, and the felon is deed. An old physician says he has known this to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in time.

"Ah," said old Mrs. Rosenbury, "learning is great thing. I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and physician says he has known this to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in time.

"Ah," said old Mrs. Rosenbury, "learning is great thing. I've often felt the need of the orifice. At the next milking this akin can be broken through, and after milking this at once forms a thin, tough skin, and closes the orifice. At the next milking this of it. Why, would you believe, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and defect will be cured, and no more need be applied.

For Sore Trays in Cows.—Wash.

Aseful and Curious. The fim of the Thing.

PE-TRO-LE-UM.

To search where iles of greate outpour, A stranger bore aloft a rag, On which appeared the oily gag-

His brow was sad; his eye beneath. Planted like a coaf-lamp on the beath; And like a gong, each brazen lung Rang out the oleaginous tongue-

Of oil in every vale and height;

And far beyond the boreal pole,

The stars were lit with benezole— Pe-tro-le-und

"Tis grease, but living grease no more!" While o'er the carboniferous tide, Pe-tro-le-um! The prospect deepens; on, ye brave, Who seek an oleaginous grave!

Feed fat your gradge with oily ore,

That angurs well for such a bore-"Oh, stay!" dame Fortune sweetly cried; "Illuminate me as your bride!"

The oil-drops welled from her bright eye, And shed a halo through the sky-

Boware Devonian shades and rocks! Beware of calcined, fungus stocks! This was the miner's last good-night, That quite snuffed out the stranger's light-

At break of day, the early bird. That caught the salamander, beard vicions sound far up the air. Unlike the words we use in prayer-

Had "run the thing into the ground;" And grasping still the tattered rag. He still belehed forth the oily gag-Pe-tro-le-u

Pe-tro-le-um!

There, in the twilight cold and gray, He struggled on through shards and shale, With the same oleaginous wail-

the letter. Since learning that Thomas the letter. Since learning that Thomas will trust you, Rogers," said the officer; which nock'd'it crazy. Wen yu've suck'd through the hottest weather. Large families that require considerable quantities of not a hog stirred; not a cow stirred; not a cast stirred; not contents of such an ice-house will keep stirred; not a dog stirred; not a man stirred; not an owl stirred; not a horse stir-to them, as it has been to me. — Ger. Tel.

Here the teacher interrupted, with the observation that the composition appeared to him to relate more to agricul-

ture than moonlight!

LATEST FROM THE INSANE RETREAT.house, even if it is of sufficient capacity. Why is Sherman the most gallant Gen-In the latter part of the winter there will pral in the army? He rushed across

Where did Jeff., the next time he

-Hartford Press. BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT .- The commandant of Libby Prison issued a stringent order that Union prisoners

following is a specimen:

The Memphis News tells a story of Resolved. That we do not inderes his which rough boards, or something of the gentleman of that city who had a gay kind, must be placed to prevent blowing life during a somewhat protracted absence Resolved. That onest old A. Linkin. off. An easy enterance should be made of his spouse. The evening of her return gentleman of that city who had a gay off. An easy enterance should be made of his spouse. The evening of her return at the front by digging down the earth in he requested to be awakened early next by arrestin uv him, and thereby forsin at the front by digging down the earth in he requested to be awakened early next ne into committin politikle sociaide by a gradual slope; and as this part will be morning, which she complied with, when exposed to the weather, it should be the hour arrived by shaking him soundly, nominatin uv him, was guilty of a heenus sin.

Resolved, That we sint as much consarnd about our habbis corpuses as we space for air is sufficient.—Michigan with a frightened air; "Good gracious! from bere!"

> Because they are fond of the breast." Two middle-aged ladies here fainted, after two days' snow .- Cottage Gardener. and the remains of the young man were carried out by the coroner on a shutter.

> order is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted German:
> "Ser-Mine vife is died, and vants to
> pe perried yesterday, at awi clock. Yu chust no vare to make de hole—py de lodion or Liquid Cutiele, which may be

Barnam beds notes of feet girls and a straight belt, because it begs the pully bealthy that the people have had to bortwenty-four feet of gignste for the holidays. tighter.

A crossed belt will drive more than There is a town in New Hampshire so twice per day with sude from Castile scap, healthy that the people have had to bortwenty-four feet of gignste for the holidays. tighter.

Keeping Potatoes.

We find great care used to prevent potatees and other roots from freezing. Freezing does not hurt them; it is the thawing that does the mischief. Potatoes may be frozen and thawed three or four times during the winter, provided the thawing be properly conducted, and not be injured thereby in the least,

If a member of the body, such as a hand or foot, be frozen, and be suddenly thawed by fire or warm water, the flesh will mortify and drop off; but let the frozen member be rubbed with snow, which is a little lower in temperatuer than the frozen foot, and thus be gradually thawed, and no inconvenience will ensue, Only last spring I planted potatoes which were kept in a heap in the open air, and covered with three inches of earth

all winter. They were twice (at least) frozen solid, and twice thawed, but were uninjured. In the spring, if early vegetables, such as beans, peas or tomatoes, should be frosted or completely covered with a white frost, they may be saved by being sprinkled with water, if administered before the sun shines on them. The water re-

duces the temperature gradually, without any bad effect. If potatoes, apples or other vegetables when frozen solid are placed in cold water, they will be thawed gradually, and

no harm will be done them. Vegetables may be kept all winter by making them into conical heaps, and covered with three inches of earth, and a sod on top to shed rain. A thin layer of clean straw may be placed over the vegetables to keep them from the dirt. When put up in this manner, apples or potatoes may be taken out at any time during the winter, and if thawed in cold water are

as good as ever. If your potatoes freeze in the cellar, don't wait for them to thaw, but throw them into a conical heap, either where they are, or in the open air, and cover them with dirt, straw, shavings, old Schoolsoy's Composition on Moon-them, and they are safe. The covering clothes, or chaff, packed tight around LIGHT.—" 'Twas a calm, still night; the moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and all the mischief. I have said the mischief. I have said the mischief. potatoes in this way; it may be new to some of your readers, and may be of use

Poultry in Frosty Weather.

There is something exhilarating in frost. When the early morning breaks on the earth covered with rime, and the hard ground seems to spurn the foot that treads on it, and the sun rises like a disc of burning copper, there is something cheerful about it. Nature has donned her masnot contain himself; and the steady old friend for some months past, content to only answer to what a grand-daughter of ours calls "a good cut o' the whip," now seeks to devour space, and to try conclusions with your strength or that of your the economical feeding of stock, then seestook snuff, say he would stop him?

The conomical feeding of stock, then seestook snuff, say he would stop him?

O-ge-chee.

Where did Jeff., the next time he reins. In like manner, your tried friend, the old dog, gambols, and, in the gleeschies, cabbage, and the like, require cellar room. A heard? Ossa-baw. (Lunstic secured.) tosses it for very wantonness. The sppearance of real winter is then a holiday for many, but (ah! those buts) not to all. It is none to the poultry. Water is frozen; the ground is so hard they cannot don't bare the chillin frosts uv adversity three or four feet of the surface. Especial must limit their letters to six lines. The scratch; there is not an annimal of any kind on its surface; and they must depend on their owner for everything they want. See they lack nothing. First, they must have water. Few people have nay idea of the suffering caused to birds by the lack of water. Their power of maintaining life on the smallest possible quantity of food is wonderful, provided they have water ; but a practiced eve can tell in a dead fowl or pigeon whether it suffered or not from thirst. The skin becomes hard, dry and red ; the flesh conand the whole body looks as if it had been suddenly shrivelled or dried up. You must bear in mind they require more food and better than they do in milder weather, and, if you can, let them have a greater variety. They want substitutes for the People will will see me going away worms and insects. Now, the scraps of meat and fat from the table should go to the fowls. Save the drainings of all the A modest young man at a dinner party, glasses, pour them together, and sweep a the other evening, put the following con-undrum: "Why are most people who any kind of bird in such a manner that undrum: "Why are most people who any kind of bird in such a manner that eat turkey like babies?" No reply.— they shall pick up snow with their food; The modest man blushed and would have backed out, but finally gave the reason: that fattens in two days on the white hoar frost, becomes a wretched skeleton

> Cows LEAKING MILK .- A correspondent WRETCHED WIDOWER.—The following of the Rural once said he cured a cow by bathing her tests, previous to her making obtained of druggists. Apply this to the end of the tests after milking the cow. It

> > FOR SORE TRATS IN -Cows .- Wash